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NAPOLEON I:

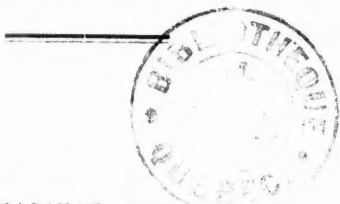
A LECTURE

DELIVERED BEFORE THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,
ANTIGONISH, N. S., 1872.

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BY THE REV. DR. CHISHOLM,

(Director of Studies and Professor, St. F. X. College.)



HALIFAX, N. S.,
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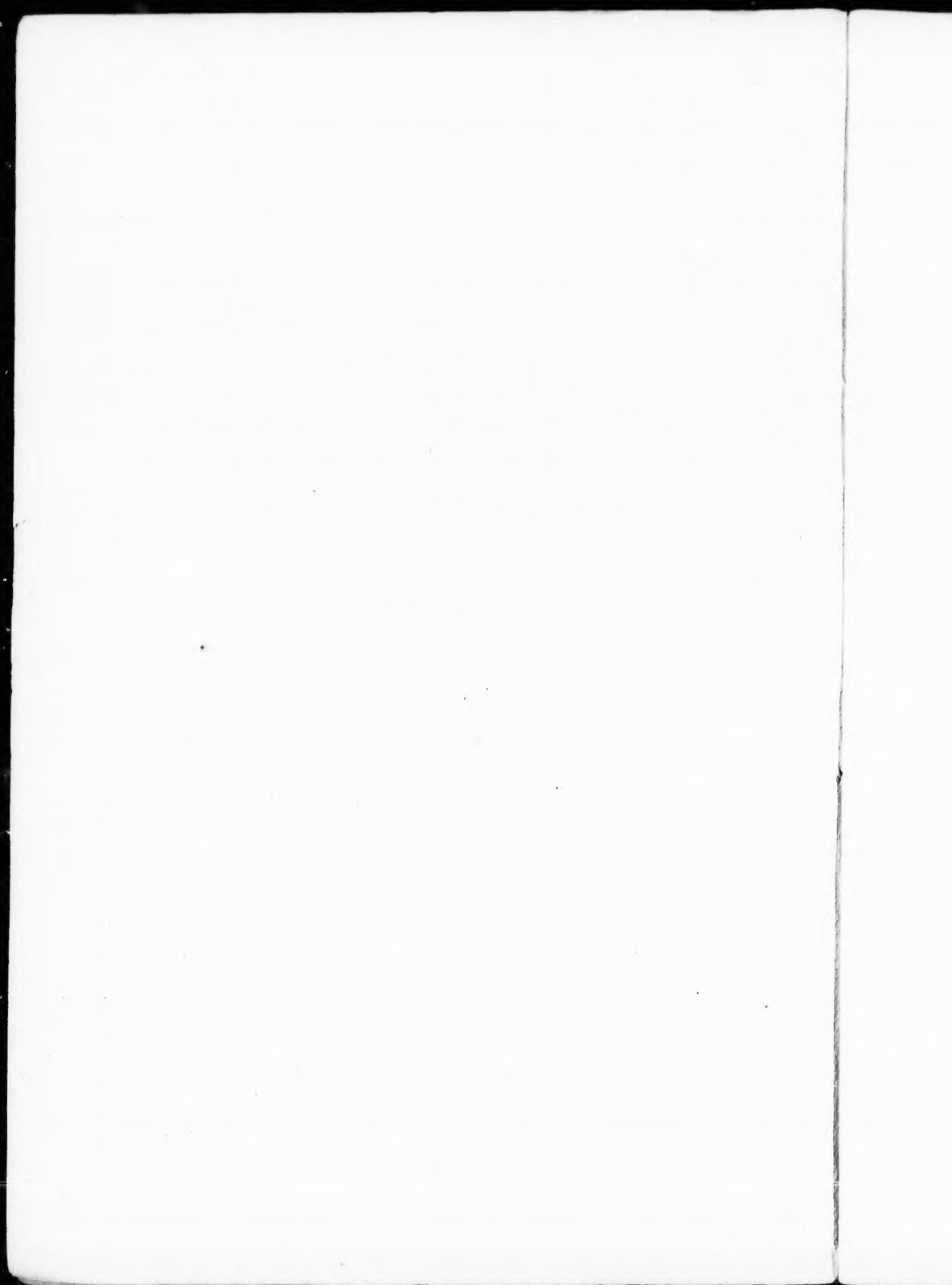
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LECTURE.

Rev. Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am to speak before you this night about Napoleon I.; about a Corsican Cadet, in the days of his youth, unknown, lonely and poor, who through powers of his own, raised for and seated himself upon an Imperial throne, before which again and again the proudest Sovereigns of Europe, as well as the lowest, bent humbly down to receive the word which was to be their law; about a man, in whom is centered the history of the period the most stirring and eventful of modern times; when Europe exerted her energies to their utmost, and drew out her greatest material resources; when colossal armies met, tremendous battles were fought, and vast campaigns followed one another in quick succession; when State after State disappeared, and Throne after Throne was overturned, till one person swayed Europe, and he was Napoleon. It is the character of such a prodigy I have now to describe.

Profane history speaks of great rulers and of mighty conquerors, whose names shall ever remain on its pages. It shows us its Alexanders, its Hannibals and its Caesars, encircled by their glory; but great as were these, great as have been other illustrious leaders, whose deeds it records, in none does the naked human intellect appear to me so powerful, so grand, so gigantic, as it does in the first of the Bonapartes. Endowed with an unsurpassed military mind, he almost accomplished in a few years, in the height of European civilization, and when armies were numerous and perfectly disciplined, what took the Romans of old centuries to effect, when the greater part of the world was uncivilized and brutal—Universal Conquest. Eloquent, he could kindle in the bosom of his soldiers by his burning words an enthusiasm, which in most cases only cooled down when victory was theirs; yet he was as logical as the keenest and closest reasoner. Shakespeare, it is said, felt, or at least mimicked, human nature in its various forms and expressions, as did no man before him or since. Napoleon saw through the character of men singly or collectively, as clearly as Shakespeare felt it sensibly. He penetrated the wiles of the most cunning diplomatist, as quickly as he did the movements of his most skilful opponent on the field; he was as much at ease in politics, as he was in the direction of a campaign; law and

Government he understood as well as the organization of an army. In short a burning imagination, and a cool intellect, which grasped and comprehended at a glance relations innumerable, and saw through the widest present clearly, and dived almost prophetically into the future—an intellect above all others practical, yet powerful in theory—combined to render him a stupendous genius. The beauties of this our earth fill men with pleasure, the grandeur of the sun, and of the rest of the heavens do so likewise; but I rather gaze upon the majesty of a powerful intellect, even though by its side there be a vicious will (from which however, in the case I turn away my eyes), because it is the brightest reflex, of all the very dim ones in Nature's sphere, of the Creator of them all. Some imagine Napoleon naught else than a cruel monster, wading through the rivers of blood he had caused to flow, in others his name only calls up the thought of an insatiable ambition. Though I too see his unbounded selfishness, and the fields which he has strewn with slain, yet it is his cold intellectual greatness that flashes first across my eyes, when I view his life as a whole. History shows him not always ambitious or marching over heaps of dead, but it shows him always, from his first appearance till his death, whether in the Cabinet or in the field, legislating or leading armies, victorious or defeated, in exile or in the splendour of his glory, it shows him always in his remarks, addresses, conceptions, plans and operations, a most profound thinker. He debased himself not so low as to be entangled in the pleasures of the lower passions, as some crowned heads of France before him, and few of the Sovereigns of England, from William the Conqueror to George III, can in this respect be regarded more than he. Intemperance brutalized and ruined Alexander and Hannibal, Napoleon like Caesar ate sparingly and drank little.

But he had a passion (now I pass to speak of his heart), an unbridled yet an intellectual one, the one which whirled his consummate abilities into action, which made him of France first Consul and Emperor, and Europe's oppressor and scourge, which filled nations with sufferings and gloom, which wrought injustices the greatest and without number, which in the end made for him a tomb in St. Helena;—it was ambition. When a mere boy attending a Military College he read, and re-read, and fed his imagination upon Plutarch's Lives, until he kindled in his heart a most burning desire (the germs of it were already there) to imitate, to equal and perhaps to surpass these Classical heroes. Add to this that even then he was conscious of his immense talents, and that nature had given him a boldness and courage which even impossibilities

could not stagger; these facts combined, and uncontrolled by Faith, raised in his soul the altar of self and he resolved to hasten which way he could exalt that idol above all. Writing to his mother at this period he tells her, that with his Homer and his sword he would make for himself a position in the world, (see he is thinking of Alexander who during his campaigns carried with him Homer which at night he laid under his pillow.) This exaggerated love of self, increasing as success followed in the heel of success, blinded his otherwise clear intellect to such a degree, that he who at once saw the injustice of a wrong done himself, deemed a like act guiltless, if it furthered his own designs. When still a youth, hearing a lady, speaking of Marshal Turenne, say, "yes he was a great man but I would admire him more had he not burnt the Palatinate", he answered coolly, "what did it differ if it was necessary for the accomplishment of his designs." Here then is the root, the remote cause of the extensive spoliations, of the many dethronements and of the murders even, which he authorized without a feeling of remorse, and often without a thought of wrong. This latter assertion may appear strange, but then, I have seen some honest men do things, which I with others thought clearly unjust, yet the idea of wrong never crossed their minds. Could it not be, that in so singular a man there might dwell a singular conscience of right and wrong? He was not naturally cruel; millions were slain at his bidding; but he was not a Nero or a Caligula. Altho' his sympathies for the human kind were not strong, yet he was not without tender feelings. Explain otherwise, if you can, the filial love which his soldiers always bore for him, and how his memory is cherished in France. Had not self and its interests darkened his mind, he would have been the wisest, the best, the greatest of rulers.

There is his intellect, there is his heart. Add to them action—a will, a determination, which seldom was bent, an energy which surmounted difficulties men believed insurmountable, a rapidity in his operations which nigh resembled ubiquity—and you can understand how the subject of my lecture ascended a throne, dictated to the haughty heads of the oldest houses, made Europe tremble, and astonished, astonishes and shall astonish the world. You can well imagine, and the picture will be true, how he, even young, delighted to represent to his mind the victories he was to win, the crown he was to wear, the immortal name he was to acquire, an opportunity once being given.

There is Napoleon,—gigantic in his conceptions and plans, boundless in his aspirations, and most unscrupulous in his means of reaching them, and like a spirit in activity; a man

in every way most original, and from other men most different; thoughts another would not dream of were his common ones; plans, difficult to others even to comprehend, were easily conceived by him; and deeds unparalleled are the monuments he has left behind him. We shall now see, how this, his delineation is gathered from his history. When I undertook to speak of him I thought my work easy, but when I considered a while over the subject—how varied, how vast it was—I saw it would take a long study to do it well, and I judged myself rash in undertaking to master it in a couple of weeks. I say this not merely to acknowledge my own thoughtlessness, but in justice to the historic name and historic times I am to describe. Since, however, I have begun, I must try to come to some end, though I can well say, with the greatest of Rome's orators, speaking for Pompey, "*hujus orationis difficilius est exitum quam principium invenire*," to begin is not hard, to end is. For the sake of clearness I shall speak of him as a soldier and as a politician; and first of him as a soldier.

A cool study and feelingless reflections upon wars and battles may appear to you not to accord with, or perhaps to be unbecoming the character which I bear; but remember, we are now in the midst of History, in which wars and battles meet our view, as well as the bloodless deeds of peaceful times; and since any past historical occurrence may become a subject of study, may it not be allowed me to speak upon and philosophize over the encounters of armies, as it would be allowed me to take a survey of Parliamentary debates, for the former are facts as well as these? Moreover, war is not an unmixed evil, it is a stern, hard necessity, productive of more good than some men, whose hearts grow faint on hearing related the scenes of battle fields, think. War, of course, is a dreadful scourge, when many thousands of human lives, thought each one so much of, and guarded so sacredly in time of peace, are thrown away in appearance so unconcernedly; when burnt towns, ruined fields, plundered cities, and a thousand and one other evils are its vestiges, whilst in the meantime to many a home are brought the sad tidings that a brother, a father, or a husband is never to return. Say then, away with soldiers and soldiery, let wars have an end and blood cease to flow. Yet no! as well say take away the gallows upon which men's necks are broken; away with the guillotine from off which men's heads roll, and pull down the prisons in which so many human beings pass sad, inconsolable years. The one is as necessary as the other. For, if prisons and gallows help to secure the internal order of a country, though at the expense of merited suffer-

ings, so too armies are the guardians of external peace, though at the cost of blood. If the former protect the life and goods of the individual, the latter defend the territory of the nation, and uphold its honor. And you may be sure, that as long as there will be ambitious and unscrupulous Governments—and that will be always,—and as long as we point to the North, to the homes of peoples, who envy the sweets and pleasures of the South, so long shall wars last, arbitrations to the contrary notwithstanding. To say what I feel, and concealing what I judge, I am much more pleased looking at a nation girded by men, who fear not death, than when contemplating the degenerate Turk, smoking on his divan, or the Neapolitan sitting under his fig-tree, careless of war. War has its horrors, but it brings with it a degree of patriotism, self-denial, manliness and heroism which you will in vain try to find in the field of Commerce.

But to return to Bonaparte as a General. I attributed to him in the beginning of my lecture an unsurpassed military mind. Of his possession of this I feel certain, but I doubt that there was any leader before him equal to him, taking as premises merely historical deeds. The truth is, prescindng from their latent powers of mind, and taking their exploits only, Napoleon excelled all. His victories on the whole were greater, his conquests more difficult than were either the victories or the conquests of heroes preceding him. Alexander's victories were won over undisciplined or half-disciplined hordes; Cæsar triumphed over rude tribes, or in civil war; Hannibal, a greater soldier than either, contended with the Romans only. Napoleon, on the other hand, broke down coalitions of the most powerful civilized nations.

But let us see his vast military mind and genius in his campaigns. To wage war skilfully and with success is, of practical things the most difficult, and requires a most comprehensive mind and a talent *sui generis*, and the greater the war the larger must be the one and the more powerful the other. An infinitude of details must be grasped—the arms, the clothing, the providing-with-food of the soldiers, and their organization; then the distances of places, the lay of the land, the topography of the theatre of war, the relative strength of the opposing forces, their position, etc., etc. This is partly the work of memory, but of a large memory necessarily, and partly of observation; but to take in all these details at once, and from them to judge where by strategy to meet the enemy, and when by tactics, and at what point a battle is to be decided, are acts of genius, which never appear so patent as when it defeats greater forces or routs equal ones. Few there have been who could hold

well in hand 100,000 men ; Napoleon could conduct with the same ease and success 200,000, 300,000, as he could 50,000 men. As to his memory, historians say it was prodigious. As to his powers of observation, I shall quote from Allison. He says: "By long experience joined to great natural quickness and precision of eye he had acquired the power of judging with extraordinary quickness, both of the amount of the enemy's forces opposed to him in the field, and of the probable results of movements, even the most complicated, going forward in the opposite armies..... Never was he known to be mistaken in the estimate which he formed on the distance or the approach of the fire of the enemy. Even on the farthest extremity of the horizon, if his telescope could reach the hostile columns, he observed every movement, anticipated every necessity, and from the slightest indications drew correct conclusions as to the designs which were in contemplation. No sooner had he ascended a height, from whence a whole field of battle could be surveyed, than he looked around him for a few minutes with his telescope, and immediately formed a clear conception of the position, forces, and intentions of the whole hostile array. In this way, he could, with surprising accuracy calculate in a few minutes, according to what he could see of their formation and the extent of ground which they occupied, the numerical force of armies of 60 or 80,000 men ; and if their troops were at all scattered, he knew at once how long it would require for them to concentrate, and how many hours must elapse before they could make their attack."

Now as to his genius in war. Well, some one may say to me: "What do you know about the military art—its faults and its perfections?" Of course, I know little or nothing. But then, I answer with the Historian just quoted, remarking upon the battle of Aspern,—“there are some questions so plain, that in discussing them, the strength of a child is equal to that of a giant.” I can understand as well as the ablest architect, that St. Peter's in Rome is the grandest structure now standing. And when I see a General with astonishing rapidity fly from victory to victory, crush equal forces, and scatter to the winds powerful and more numerous armies than his, can I really say, I see not there military genius? When I see this same soldier, after having captured, destroyed, or driven to the extremities of their Kingdoms the armies of neighboring sovereigns, march in triumph through their capitals, and place his head-quarters far beyond them, must I conclude in these there was nothing more than chance, experience? What campaign of modern or ancient times

surpasses, perhaps I might say equals, his first campaign in Italy, were it not that Hannibal's campaign in the same country is almost matchless? In the year 1796 the soldiers of the Republic in that quarter were stationed amid the snows of the Alps, half naked, starving, and low in spirits. He, as yet a youth, came and took the chief command; he addressed them a few words which touched their inmost hearts, and filled them with fire. Quick as lightning they were upon the opposing forces of Austria and Italy. In eleven days, victorious in five combats, he separated the Austrians from the Italians; the latter he forced to a humiliating peace, the former he pursued, and in the midst of unwonted and rapid successes he chased from place to place—from Piedmont to Lombardy, from Lombardy to Mantua. He crushed the veteran Wrmsers at Castiglione, at Salo and at Lonato,—Alvinzi, once at Arcola, again at Rivoli, coming one after the other with greater forces than his to the succor of Mantua. To crown all, he triumphed near the Tagliamento over an Imperial Duke, defeated Imperial Austria's last attempt, and in sight of the walls of her capital forced her into peace.

In the June number, 1823, of the Edinburgh Magazine, there is a description of "John and his household." It is almost too comical to suit my subject, but I shall give here an extract, because it is illustrative of it. John is England, Francis is France; and it describes the first years of the French Revolution, and the first services of Bonaparte. Here it is. "Now John was a plain, straightforward, gentleman, and everything with him was no sooner said than done; so forthwith out he sallied, and was soon at the head of the mob, who by this time were gathering round Frank's house, and trying to burst open his door. And then, to be sure, there arose a confusion and disturbance in the neighbourhood, that nobody remembered anything like it; for whenever Francis saw what was brewing, he began to consider what he was about, and what a predicament he was in, and by the time the first of the mob drew near his house, they saw him standing up very coolly, clenching his fists and squaring with his arms, as if to let them know that there would be cracked crowns before they should get hold of him. And he happened to cast his eyes upon a little ragged well-built sharp-looking fellow standing by, to whom he said: 'Look you, my lad,—you seem a tight little gentleman. I will find you employment if you have a mind for it.' Now this fellow, whose name was Ferrara, and to whom a game at fisty-cuffs did more good than his dinner, immediately replied: 'Ay, marry, with all my

“heart, Sir,’ and jumped at the offer—and he soon showed
 “his mettle, for no sooner did the people come up and at-
 “tack the house, than he flew upon them like a wild cat, and
 “bit and scratched and spitted and hissed, and laid about him
 “sometimes with one hand, sometimes with another,—now
 “with a stick and then with a stone; at one time he would
 “be fifty yards away from you, the very next moment he
 “would have you by the throat. In short, what with his
 “strength, and what with his contrivances and tricks (for he
 “had more tricks than a chained monkey,) the people began
 “to think he could be nothing more than a devil incarnate,
 “and were glad to escape with life in their bodies to their
 “own houses.” So far the Magazine, and I believe it illus-
 “trates well the rapidity of the movements which were
 “crowned with such success. Military men have extolled
 “this campaign, and are struck with wonder at it.

Plutarch brought him to Egypt, seconded by the Directory who were beginning to fear him. He longed to follow in the steps of ancient heroes—to be a second Alexander. His military genius shone here, as well it could, the Pyramids, or forty centuries witnessed him resume his career of success, but Acre shook him from his dreams of an Eastern Empire. Once more he planned an Italian campaign, and the plan was the profoundest as well as most novel was its execution; but the victory of Marengo, which Kellerman said, put on his head a crown, I believe to Kellerman himself was due. After this he formed an army near the English Channel, intended for the conquest of England,—an army in every way the most perfect that the world has perhaps ever seen,—composed of the hardiest, of the bravest and most disciplined of men, headed by officers the most skilful and experienced. With this army, if his first Italian campaign was the most heroic, he fought, of all his, the most brilliant. Swiftly he crossed from the Channel to the Rhine, passed into Bavaria, and almost before Mack was aware of his presence, Ulm was surrounded, and 50 to 60,000 Austrians were prisoners in France. The Russians had left their frontiers to come to the succor of their neighbors, and were on their way to the Austrian Capitol. Napoleon was in it and out of it, before they were near it, encountered them at Austerlitz and before that immortal December sun went down, by tactics the most splendid, annihilated them, though their forces were equal to his. The campaign of Jena came quickly after, and in a few days the proud army left by Frederick the Great was not to be found. On to the North he flew to meet the Russians, who this time were hastening to the assistance of Prussia. At Eylaw he received a check, but Friedland some months after built for

him the raft of Tilsit, on which he stood master of Europe. He then went to Spain; the life of Sir John Moore will tell the rest. From Spain he hurried to Bavaria where Austria was again trying her chances against him. Around Echemul Wellington saw the art of war perfected; he entered Vienna a second time; at Aspern he was first beaten, but Wagram placed him, where no man in Europe was placed before. Then came that fatal Russian campaign. He essayed to subdue the North; he had defeated it before. That North, that inhospitable region, yet the ninge of Europe, the cradle of manly races. The Romans put to flight its tribes over and over, but there they remained to destroy her power in the end. France, England, Turkey and Italy combined not many years ago, against it. They stuck for a long year and more at Sebastopol, then got into it; they destroyed some towns around its shores, they went to look from a safe distance at Cronstadt, turned back: that is all. Napoleon thought when he crossed the Niemen with 400, to 500,000 men that a grand conquest was in his hand; Smolensko was taken, but no victory was gained. At Borodino he forced the Russians to retire, he entered Moscow; we all know what followed. That grand army melted into nothing. He raised another army, almost as numerous as the preceding. He was victorious over the Russians and Prussians at Lutzen and Bautzen, over the Russians and Austrians at Dresden, but in the end wearied out, and overpowered by numbers, he was driven from Leipsic, forced over the Rhine, and fought the French campaign—a campaign in every respect, as extraordinary as his first, only it was not successful. With forces one third or one fourth of those of the Allies, he pounced upon the army of Blucher, and after several victories put it for a while *hors de combat*; right away he stood in front of the grand army under Schwartzenburg, who with double the number of men and more—iron veterans,—and under the eyes of the Sovereigns of Russia and Prussia, after having sustained defeats at Nangis and Montereau, was forced to retreat, and then to solicit an armistice. There is a sketch, as short as I can make it, of his campaigns, excepting the Belgian one. If they do not prove the genius of a master mind in war, I do not know what ones would. When I see him, on the one hand, a mere lieutenant giving orders simple and few to a handful of men, and on the other a mighty German Potentate, who was at once an Emperor and a King, and with him Frederick the Great's successor; and then when twenty years having gone by, I behold these same Sovereigns with many minor ones in Dresden pay court to the quondam lieutenant, and send contingents to the army, which was on its way to overwhelm another Emperor, already by him twice

defeated—and all this through the force of his sword—I can't but say that the intervening period must have witnessed warlike deeds, unparalleled in the history of battles and campaigns. Were I a military man, or had I even time, I would enter more into details. We might see how well he planned each campaign, how ably the plan was carried out, how complicated manœuvres tended to one object, and that was when and where the mortal blow was to be struck. We might see how his genius appeared grander as his expeditions became more vast. We might see him on the battlefield, cool as thought, quick in decision, like lightning in action; and how well he knew when to hurl forward the reserves, which were to give him a victory not to be forgotten. But then I must pass to the other part of my lecture,—his political life—which I shall embrace in a few brief remarks.

He was great in peace as in war. He was more than a Von Moltke and a Von Bismarck in one, each of whom studied him deeply. As I remarked in the beginning, he always had a throne in view. When he returned from his first Italian campaign, with its laurels on his brow, he looked around, and with his penetrating eye saw the pear was not ripe. He went to Egypt, seeking in his ambition a crown in the East. He failed. In the meantime the armies of France were beaten on every side; a weak Directory were hastening her ruin; chance brought him this news; he made haste back to Paris; he at once perceived that France felt, if she did not express her desire of a stronger arm, to save her from her enemies, and that she was silently looking up to the hero of Italy and Egypt. The pear was now ripe. He set to work and worked well; he upset the Directory without the shedding of blood; his ideas were those of olden times; he made himself First Consul. But he sat not yet on a throne. He sets to work again; again he works successfully; step by step he climbed up, till not a regal, but an imperial Crown was placed on his head. This is rising high in a few years. The student Bonaparte becomes not King, but Emperor of that country, which shed the blood of its Sovereign, which applauded the wildest Radicals, which rushed in a body to its frontiers to defend Republican principles, first by dazzling it by his victories, then by turning to his favor its first men, and finally by making it prosperous. Canning, in his able Essay on Napoleon, attacks him for thus usurping the reins of Government in France. He comes out with that sickening cant of outraged liberty. Now I am not going to defend Napoleon's action in the case, but I say this much:—I prefer a decent rogue who can help

his neighbor, though sometimes he cheats him, to a mean miserable rogue, who always looks out for himself. And more: Canning's attack is based on the idea of people's rights. Now, I would wish to know, was there any event during the French Revolution, received with greater favor, and more approved of by the French people, unless you except the beheading of that arch-republican Robespierre, than the coming of Napoleon into power. I believe, that outside of religion it was one of the greatest boons ever conferred upon France. The results show it. Here I cannot do better than lay before you some extracts from an article in an old French Magazine, written by a French Royalist. Here are his words: "The coming of Napoleon into dictatorial power was marked by rapid improvements in the various branches of public administration. This extraordinary man impressed upon his first acts of government the seal of the order, of the loftiness, of the energy, which characterised his powerful genius. He saw, to make himself master of the Revolution in France, that it was necessary at once to dazzle minds by the prestige of greatness and of glory, and to restore to the social order the true moral guarantees, and to put down parties with an iron hand. Hence we see him re-establish in succession upon the old bases (with modifications nevertheless suitable to his policy), Religion, Public Instruction, and the administration of Justice. The Concordat, the University, the Codes of Law, all proclaiming for their first principle, the respect due authority, were the foundation upon which he based his system of government. The first cares of the Consul were bestowed on repairing the evils occasioned by the civil dissensions. La Vendee and Lyons rose from their ruins. The French exiles could return to their country. The Sisters of Charity and the Christian Brothers came again to take care of and to console the sick and the aged, and to instruct poor children. At the same time, that these elements of order were placed around his power, the greatest encouragement was given to material interests. First Consul or Emperor, Napoleon never ceased to occupy himself with prodigious activity in the restoration of all the branches of national prosperity. Shipping interests, Ports, roads, canals, agriculture, industries, Finances, public monuments, prisons, etc., etc., nothing in a word escaped his eye and the energy of his will. He placed at the head of each department of administration men whose talents had been proved. The rare sagacity of the greater part of his selections, his attentive supervision and the emulation he excited in all the agents of his authority, met with a success unknown before then, and which astonished

"his times." Then the writer goes into details, to show his wonderful management of the Finances. I am not going to follow him. I merely say that his government of France, though tinged with despotism, and stained deeply and indelibly with the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, will appear as remarkable in many respects as his campaigns. The Concordat, the Code Napoleon, the Public Works, will always remain proofs of his great administrative mind. And you will find in the history of the reconstruction of French society, discourses which he pronounced, which for knowledge of men, close reasoning and eloquence, are not surpassed in the annals of kingdoms. He did—what is the greatest act of a civil ruler—he restored social life to France. And well would it have been for France, and for the rest of Europe, had his foreign policy been as wise as his internal administration. It would have saved France the best of her blood, and at the end the deepest humiliation; and the rest of Europe the battle fields, which were followed by crushing exactions, and by blotted out States. He was a great conquerer no doubt, but I never see him chivalrously come to the rescue of an oppressed nation, or defend the weak one against the strong one. On the contrary, I see him in his littleness lift up his giant hand equally against the small Duchy, as against the mighty Empire. I believe, the aim of his foreign doings was universal dominion. Of course, he said himself, and some men, who knew him well, have said that his real object in his conquests and extension of Empire, was to lower in self defence the power of England. England, no doubt, was a deadly enemy of his from first to last, and set on foot the coalitions, which he repeatedly brought to nothing, and where her men were not fighting against him, her statesmen and her money were finding and equipping men who would. All this is true. Still, I am convinced, his great aim was universal dominion, and had he succeeded in lowering England, he would not have stopped there. Great though he was in military matters, and though he generally showed judgment the most profound, it seems to me that he was blind in the means he took to arrive at this vast object. It seems to me, that relying on his good fortune and power in war, he thought he could walk roughly over Europe, and even by crushing it, make it his own. He showed certainly great skill in diplomacy; he, as Bismarck is doing to-day, kept in every war, while his prestige lasted, one or two of the great powers quiet, whilst he was scourging one or two others. He kept Bavaria and Saxony up to the last German war on his side. Almost all his external transactions, however, tended to excite the hatred of Europe against him. He

robbed the Pope's States first, then seized himself; but he rued it afterwards. He placed his own brothers, or some kind of connexions of his on every throne around him. In every country in which he carried on war, he made war support war—a system which aided him immensely in rapidly and successfully concluding a campaign; and not only hostile countries but even allied States, when his soldiers were quartered among them, were over and over forced to extensive contributions. Prussia, after the Friedland campaign, was treated with the greatest rigor and severity, she was dismembered, as great an indemnity, considering the comparative times and the comparative resources of the two countries, as France has to pay her to-day, was imposed upon her, and other grave burdens were added to these. To crown all, came the continental system—a gigantic blunder, which closed Europe against English merchandize, which injured England, injured the continent, and in the end helped to ruin himself. The Moscow campaign was scarcely over, when the nations of Europe, maddened by his iron rule, rushed upon him, and with the strength of despair hurled him back into France; they gave him a small Island in the Mediterranean, that, despoiled of all, in which he prided he would give the world peace. He returned to his France again, again he mounted his former throne; but Europe now confident in her strength, undistracted rose, outlawed him, overthrew him at Waterloo, imprisoned him in St. Helena, from which only death could and did relieve him. Thus he, who by a more moderate conduct towards nations might have become master, if not conqueror of the world, through a series of the most unjust and oppressive acts, committed on every side, was banished from it.

Such is a faint image of the great Napoleon. I touched his history *summis labiis*. I left unsaid several things I intended to say, but I have said perhaps too much about him. He is well compared to a meteor, which springs out of darkness, shines out magnificently, and then returns into darkness. Unknown, he came before the world; he added conquests to victories,—victories and conquests without their like;—an Emperor, he espouses the daughter of the first of Europe's Emperors, makes and dethrones Kings, rules far and wide: all at once his splendid career comes to a close; the invincible legions which had fought at Arcola, the heroes who had so proudly crossed the Alps, the Grand Army on which the Austerlitz sun had so gloriously beamed, disappeared, and with them Napoleon. He disappeared, leaving men in doubt, as Chateaubriand says, whether he is more to blame for the evil he has done, or for the good he might have done, which he did not do.

If I would dare this night give an advice it would be the following:—He who wishes to see the most wonderful events of Profane History, to see human passions roused to their highest pitch, to see a display of the mightiest talent, he can see it in the life of Napoleon I. He who wishes to become acquainted with England's brightest days, when her greatest Statesmen lived, when her most brilliant battles were won, he can see it in the life of Napoleon I. And those whose forefathers' homes were in the Highlands of Scotland, can see in it, how men of their blood, shoulder to shoulder, crowned themselves in Holland, in Egypt, in Spain, and in Belgium, with laurels, which are still green. We all can see more in it,—we can see at work the hand of God, which Napoleon himself might have recognized, when cooled down by exile, as well as in the starry Heavens. The proud, mighty man went his way of injustice; wickedness was triumphant; God's providence was not seen; but "*toluntur in altum, ut graviori lapsu ruant*,"—they are raised on high, to be crushed by a weightier fall.

